VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

PASSAGES

SELECTED

BY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES,

ON THE

GREAT LITERARY TRIAL

OF

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A Comi-Tragedy.

"WHETHER IT BE—OR BE NOT FROM THE IMMORTAL PEN OF SHAKSPEARE?"

BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA · TRO

VOLUME I.

EIGHTH EDITION.

——"Open me a huge Wardrobe aboundinge in motlie habittes, and marke "howe fantasticallie poore mortals will arraie themselves!"

VORT. and ROW.

LONDON:

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FOR J. RIDGWAY, YORK-STREET, ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.

Malone K. 152.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

Moſt NOBLE!—*Moſt* ILLUSTRIOUS!

Moſt PUISSANT!—*Moſt* MAGNIFICENT!

Moſt IRRADIATING IN THE BRIGHT

GALAXY OF THE BRITISH PEERAGE,

JAMES MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K. G.

&c! &c! &c! &c! &c! &c!

" Moſt *curious* LORD,

" THE diſputed RECORDS of AN-
" TIENT POESY here incloſed, would be de-
" baſed by a depoſit in any other hands, than
" that *cleanly* pair, which ſo peculiarly appertain
" to your Lordſhip, as CUSTOS ROTULORUM
" of the MUSES! I diſcharge but my official

" duty then, in placing them under your ſtu-
" pendous protection!—But as MAGICO-MA-
" NAGER of the WHITE-WAND, and GRAND
" MASTER of REFINED ARTS. you muſt al-
" low me to look up to your HIGH MIGHTI-
" NESS with the reſt of mankind,—an *aſtoniſhed*
" Gazer!

" I am,

" Moſt Noble, moſt &c. &c.

" Your loweſt FOOT-STOOL.

" RALPH REGISTER,

" Clerk of ASSIZE,

" Oyer and Terminer,

" In the COURTS LITERARY, &c. &c.

FETTER-LANE,
Oct. 5, 1795.

PREFACE.

AS far as this intereſting TRIAL *has gone, it has been conducted with that rigid impartiality which ſo particularly diſtinguiſhes the various Courts of* BRITISH JURISPRUDENCE *!—How it may terminate can be known only to the ruler of theſe great events: indeed, from the contrariety of weighty evidence already advanced, and the cloud of teſtimonies yet to be adduced, it would be highly indecorous, to indulge even a conjecture upon the probability of its deciſion!!*

The COURT *have wiſely reſolved to ſit without further adjournment, in order now to receive at their Bar, the evidence of the firſt* POLITICAL, *and* LITERARY *Characters, againſt whom, exceptions were ſo ingeniouſly taken by Council, but which however have all been moſt conſtitutionally over-ruled. Theſe*

being gone through, the ſage and learned POLONIUS *in perſon, will ſum up the whole evidence, and after delivering a ſolemn and eloquent charge from the Bench, receive from the* GRAND INQUEST, *that* VERDICT, *which no doubt, will ſoon tend to the complete adminiſtration of* LITERARY JUSTICE, *by ſetting this* GREAT QUESTION *at reſt for ever !!!*

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

PENDING the diſtinguiſhed inqueſt under which the fact is now trying, whether the newly diſcovered DRAMA, is, or is not from the pen of SHAKSPEARE, it would be highly indecorous to hazard a ſingle conjecture upon it.—The EDITOR, therefore, will content himſelf with merely giving a faithful tranſcript of all that has been ſucceſſively recorded on this important ſubject in that faſhionable Intelligencer the MORNING HERALD; only remarking, that whatever may be the final iſſue of the TRIAL, the paſſages ſelected from the Piece itſelf by the ſe-

veral VOTERS, *pro* and *con.* muſt remain indelible proofs of the diſcriminative taſte of thoſe, who have here ſo characteriſtically enrolled themſelves in defence of our BELLES LETTRES.

The following is the paragraphical CHAIN *by which this great Literary Concern has been brought into ſuch general notice; viz.*

PARAGRAPH.

The SHAKSPEARE *diſcoveries*, ſaid to be made by the ſon of Mr. IRELAND, of Norfolk ſtreet, are the Tragedy of LEAR, and another entitled VORTIGERN and ROWENA, now firſt brought to light, and both in the Bard's own hand-writing:—in the ſame cheſt are ſaid to have been alſo found an antique MELANGE of *love letters!—profeſſions of faith!—billet doux!—locks of hair!—and family receipts!*—The only danger, reſpecting *faith in the diſcovery*, ſeems to be from the indiſcretion of *finding too much!*

If poor CHATTERTON had contented himſelf, with drawing literary treaſure in *moderation* from the monkiſh cheſt of ROWLEY, his own *inventive genius* had probably remained unknown!

ANOTHER.

Mr. IRELAND's Tragedy of VORTIGERN, whether ſterling, or fictitious, is to go to *Drury-lane*. Mr. SHERIDAN, ſays, "it is the fineſt play that SHAKSPEARE ever wrote!—not that he has had leiſure yet to read it—but he had it from an authority as claſſical, and unqueſtionably as his own judgment; viz. the ſolemn aſſurance of the great Lord SALISBURY himſelf, a *Critic*, only ſix removes, by lineal deſcent, from Mr. SHERIDAN's own immortal BURLEIGH!

FOR THE MORNING HERALD.

Mr. EDITOR,

Your SHAKSPEARE correſpondents know but little of what is going forward in the *mine of diſcovery!* Lord, Sir, if they wiſh to get at the *whole truth*, they muſt dip *deep* into the *old cheſt*, as the ancients did into the *Pierean* well!—indeed they are not correct even in what they have ſtated. For inſtance,—the *precious* LOCK OF HAIR! how comes it, they were ſo ignorant, as not to know, that Mr. *Juſtice* COLLICK, the firſt *Hair Merchant* in the univerſe, has critically inſpected it, and, regardleſs of the *ſacred head* of *fiction* from whence it was ſhorn, he, as a *man of buſineſs*, could only be brought to ſay, that if the whole *ſtring* were as good as the *ſample*, it was worth no more in the *trade*, than 3s. 9d. an ounce?—The pointed diſtich on the envelope, however, as his Grace of LEEDS declares, is worth a million!—Here it is:

"Ere Age with twinge your nerves doth ſhocke,
"Catch Love, like Time, by the forelocke!"

By which our annotators will no doubt tell us, that the *Warwickſhire* WAG quaintly inculcates the youthful libertiniſm of—*catch, as catch can!*—Among the more recent treaſures, are a moth-eaten *under* PETTICOAT, an undoubted *original!* Mr. MALONE, who, with all his ability, knows but little about *petticoats*, ſays, this could be no part of the paraphernalia of the immortal Bard;—but Mrs. PIOZZI, and the whole *Blue Stocking Club*, are decidedly of a contrary opinion, and that for the beſt of all feminine reaſons; viz. becauſe Miſs HATHAWAY, when ſhe became Mrs. SHAKSPEARE, never failed to *wear* the BREECHES!—we have alſo Mr. *Boſwell's* authority for this, amongſt other *domeſtica facta* of the Poet. The next curioſity for the *amateurs*, is, a *love* VALENTINE, ſurrounded, according to antient uſage, with *hearts! cupids! doves!* and *darts!* and in the centre, a *typifying* figure of a *cock* without a *combe*, (according to antique ſpelling) with this inexplicable *anagram:*

" If to my armes you'll fondlye roame,
" Deſpighte of *Dadde*, I'll cut your *Combe!*"

W. S.

From this, ſome of the inſpecting *Literati* are cruel enough to infer, that SHAKSPEARE muſt have had an *intrigue* with the daughter of his ancient enemy *John a* COOMBE,—the undoubted anceſtor of the preſent *Oppoſition* ALDERMAN, who has the honour of bearing that diſtinguiſhed name!

The laſt MORCEAU I ſhall treat you with at this time, is ſelected from the RECEIPTS, viz.

"A RECIPEE *howe to make a* GOODLIE PLUMBE PUDINGE."

Even Mr. STEEVENS admits the unqueſtionable authenticity of this valuable addendum to the *culinary art*, by declaring, that Shakſpeare could not endure the *ſtones* of plumbs, which, from ſetting his *teeth on edge*, were called *jar* raiſins; and literally gives an appropriate citation of the following paſſage, from the Poet's *own words*, which will certainly be received as the beſt *gloſſary* to his *own plumb pudding*:

"SYLVUS.—Put *dates* enough into the bag: but, deareſt "chuck, I prithee make me *goldings* of the PLUMBES!"

You ſhall have further documents, equally important and authentic, in a few days, from, Mr. Editor,

Your's,

A Modern ANTIQUARIAN.

PARAGRAPH.

We have it from high authority, that the merits of the great queſtion, reſpecting the originality of the *newly* diſcovered PLAY, are put into a train of inveſtigation, before a LITERARY COURT of ENQUIRY, which cannot fail of the moſt candid, and judicious deciſion :—It will be managed under the auſpices of an illuſtrious perſonage, who fortunately unites in his *ſingular* character, all the critical and judicial talents, requiſite for ſo ſolemn a diſquiſition!

March 20.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The PROCESSION, *on opening the* LITERARY COURT *to try the important* QUESTION, *whether* VORTIGERN *and* ROWENA, *is, or is not from the* PEN *of* SHAKSPEARE? *is intended for to-morrow's* HERALD.

PARAGRAPH. *March* 23.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA!!!

IT is with much concern we announce, that the PROCESSION, preparatory to opening the Literary Court of Inqueſt, to try whether this DRAMA is, or is not written by SHAKSPEARE, was obliged to be ſuſpended till Wedneſday by an unpleaſant accident. *Signor* DELPINI, that man of *mighty mouth*, who was to have walked as *Champion* to a PRODIGIOUS COURTIER, unfortunately diſlocated his *jaw bone* in practiſing an *Ariſtocratic Grin*, in compliment to his illuſtrious Patron!—However, the *Sieur* FOLLET, almoſt equally great in the happy diſtortions of the human countenance, has kindly undertaken this intereſting part, and to be ready in it, that day at noon, when this introductory ſpectacle will certainly take place, and our readers be no longer kept in a ſtate of anxious expectancy!

March 26.

FOR THE MORNING HERALD.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA!

A COMI-TRAGEDY!

Yeſterday morning, at eleven o'clock, the ſeveral Officers, and other great Perſonages, aſſembled at the HUM MUMS, in Covent Garden, and from thence marched to the LITERARY COURT, in Norfolk-ſtreet, in the following STATE PROCESSION, viz.

Four MUTES,

With their fore fingers placed on their lips.

A *Bronze* of Signor DELPINI,

In his happieſt ſtile of face!

THE LOCK OF HAIR

Of Miſs HATHAWAY, afterwards the happy

MRS. SHAKSPEARE,

Borne by Mr. Juſtice COLLICK, *Hair* Merchant,

His train ſupported by an *Unlicenſed* HAIR-DRESSER, diſhevelled, and without powder! preceded by a Banner, dedicated

To WIGGISM!

The Chief Cook of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, with cheeks *a la blaze!* carrying—on a *trencher*—
The Book of FAMILY RECEIPTS!
Six TRUNK MAKERS, two and two:

The Antique TRUNK

Covered with ASS-SKIN ſtill perfect, but ſurcharged with *moth*, *black beetles*, and *cob-webs!*—the flappets of the covering ſupported by the ſix Senior ANNOTATORS on the Immortal Bard, and their train upheld by an equal number of FARCE Writers.—A Banner following, inſcribed

Sacred to FICTION!

The PROMPTER of DRURY-LANE, *gagged!*

The Dramatic FAITH of Mr. Sheridan,

Delicately concealed in a *Snow-drop*,

And borne by Mr. Kemble, riding on an ELEPHANT,

Over whom waved a Streamer diſplaying the word
MANAGEMENT!

A Groupe of Spirits—*blue! red! black!* and *grey!*

A Waxen Semblance of
The Mighty BURLEIGH!
His Banner advanced before, diſplaying
Three Dried Neats Tongues,
The Family Arms, with their Motto,
"ELOQUENCE!"

The DANISH CHAMBERLAIN POLONIUS,
With his *White Wand* of Office, and his Train ſupported by
Three OPERA EUNUCHS!

The *Sieur* FOLLET,
In the Armour of HAMLET's GHOST, bearing the
Club of HERCULES, as his CHAMPION.

An *Emboſſed* MONEY-BAG,
With "LICENCES at any PRICE!"
Inſcribed in Golden Characters.

Six FIDLERS, with broken bows!

Six FEMALE SINGERS, weeping!

BANNER—"Sacred to HARMONY!"

Sir FRETFUL,
Carried in torture on his own WHEEL!

The BLUE-Stocking CLUB
Slip-ſhod, and garter'd below knee!

VORTIGERN,

Repreſented by Mr. *Kiddy* DAVIS, as the only Gentleman of either Theatre, ſkilled in the Etiquette of *Saxon Dignities*, ſupported by the Under HARLEQUIN of Drury—Mr. DAVIS making it a ſpecial requeſt, that his Train-bearer might be one who well underſtood *trap!*

DRAMATIC PERFORMERS,
Walking in pairs, after the antique faſhion of entering NOAH's ARK.

SCENE-SHIFTERS, &c. &c. &c.

The auguſt proceſſion entered the COURT about one, when the Commiſſion was opened in due form: the intereſting particulars of which, we hope to record on Friday next.

FIRST DAY's TRIAL.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

AS ſoon as the Court was opened with all due formalities, the DANISH CHAMBERLAIN, Lord POLONIUS, aroſe, and gracefully made an obeiſance to *himſelf* in a ſpacious Mirror, which was inſtantly returned by a figure of ſimilar dignity, from this STATE REFLECTOR, dexterouſly placed in the front of the CHAIR, that his Lordſhip might have the judicial advantage of ſeeing what he *himſelf* was about, which no other perſon in the Court could ever know, or poſſibly divine!—The *Sieur* FOLLET, as Chamberlain's *Grand*

CHAMPION, then gigantically advanced, and after throwing down his gauge, and thrice brandiſhing his *Herculean Club*, affixed a written PROCLAMATION to its butt, when placing the ſmaller end on the bridge of his noſe, the following preliminary CHALLENGE became viſible to all around; *viz.*

"If any one preſent dare gainſay, that the Lord POLO-
"NIUS is the moſt *witty!* moſt *wiſe!* moſt *valorous!*
"moſt *eloquent!* moſt *diſintereſted!* moſt *beloved!* moſt
"*puiſſant!* moſt *chaſte!* let him come forth, and I, the
"unworthy *Champion* of that mighty Lord, will tell him,
"that he lyes in his teeth; and, from my furious wrath
"the Lord deliver his miſerable carcaſe!!?"

[Here an enraged *Muſician* indignantly advanced, with an intent, as was ſuppoſed, to take up the glove; but was prevented, in being humanely knocked down by one of the *Beef-eaters.*]—A nod mandatory was now given from the Chair as a cue to the principal *Harlequin*, who, waving his dagger of lath over a richly inlaid tablet, a pair of folding doors of ophir flew open, and diſcovered an irradiating glory of æthereal blue and gold, darting its

tranſcendent beams on the *Title Page* of an antique volume in quarto, curiouſly filligreed, and fretted with *moths* and *earwigs*, and entitled

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

On Harlequin waving his lath a ſecond time, a light coloured cloud gently deſcended to a ſoft ſtrain of Æolian meaſure, which opening, diſplayed a ſcrowl with this Inſcription—

Ye, of the School of *Nature*, as of *Art*, draw near,
" And faithful verdict give
" Between the ſacred memory
" Of your Immortal BARD
" And his Accuſers, by whom he now ſtands Charged
" As the Villifier of his own fair fame,
" In penning the COMI-TRAGEDY now before you!
" Peruſe, therefore, this *Dramatic* RECORD,
" And your ſeveral judgments pronounced thereon,
" By ſelecting ſeverally a Paſſage from the ſame,
" Which ſhall be enregiſtered,
" In affirmation, or negation of that
" LITERARY FACT, which the majority
" Of your ſuffrages muſt finally decide.
" APPROACH!"

The inſtantaneous preſſing forward of the *Literati! Cognoſcenti! Diletanti!* &c. &c. of both ſexes, to inſpect the Record, was ſo great and violent, that it reached even the Chair of State like an electric ſhock! when *Polonius*, riſing up, in dignified diſmay, ſignified to his officers, by the pale vibration of his noſtrils, that it was his mighty pleaſure the Court ſhould be adjourned! This was effected by the taliſmatic ſword of Harlequin as ſoon as poſſible, but not till a few *puſhing* characters of the *Literary Jurors* had fixed on the following paſſages, and enregiſtered their votes thereon; viz.

PASSAGES

SELECTED AS SUFFRAGES ON THE

FIRST DAY's TRIAL; *viz.*

I.—Lady Ch. C—b—ll.

———" Looke what a ſhape!
" Limbes fondlie faſhioned in the wanton moulde
" Of Nature!—Warm in Love's ſlie wytcheries,
" And ſcorninge all the draperie of Arte,
" A ſpider's loome nowe weaves her thinne attire,
" Through which the roguiſh tell-tale windes
" Do frolicke as they liſte!"

Page 17.—*Guilty.*

II.—Mr. B——R——Y.

" I do remember him a *quaker boy* to a Liſbon Vintner,
" who at morne waſhed his facre face in the *Tagus* to ad-
" mire it in its glaſſe!—Next a grande compounder of
" ſours and ſweetes— himſelfe the quinteſſence of bothe!
" Then was he a medlar in debate, until his eloquence
" leaked to the lees: now makes he oceans of plum wine,
" and, by contacte betweene water and browne ſugar, will
" he muddle Chriſtian men, as warie Dames catche
" flies!"

PAGE 83.—*Not Guilty.*

III.—Lady A. MURRAY.

—— " A lovely ſtemme,
" Whoſe cyon grafted from a Royal ſtocke,
" Earlie putte forthe one ſweete, and tender bloſſome,
" And then neglected, wildlie runne to ruine!"

PAGE 13.—*Not Guilty.*

IV.—Lord TH—RL—W.

——— " He is a rough Smythe,
" Who o'er warme work, ſweares, more than whiſtles ;
" He makes poor punie knaves the bellowes blowe,
" But when the iron's well inflam'd, forth comes
" His mightie ſledge, and thumps the pliante metalle
" To his purpoſe!"

PAGE 108.—*Guilty.*

V.—Mr. ST—V—NS.

———" He was, by " an indenture to witte," appren-
" ticed to a twiſter of common ſenſe, and afterwards ſet up
" fancie-monger on his own bottome: he lives now by
" ſtitching motlie buttons on dead *Ba·ds'* jackets! And
" yet this varlet has humour ; for he'll laughe you till
" his ſides crack at his own comical diſfigurements!"

PAGE 34.—*Not Guilty.*

SECOND DAY's TRIAL.

ON reſuming the *Grand Literary* COURT on Saturday, *order* was happily reſtored, by an emanation of that *official wiſdom* with which the LORD POLONIUS is ſo peculiarly gifted! A *golden padlock*, it ſeems, had been moſt delicately affixed that morning to the antique claſps of the CONI-TRAGEDY. This, at firſt, naturally excited a little ſurprize, but it was ſoon diſpelled by the very graceful delivery of the following *State Paper*, from the courtly hand of Mr. *Kiddy* DAVIS, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, whom the Manager has kindly lent, as SAXON REPRESENTATIVE in *waiting* of the heroic VORTIGERN!

(COPY.)

" BY AUTHORITY!!!

" It is ORDERED, that no perſon, of what *rank*, *quality*, " or *degree* ſoever, ſhall preſume to take any *part*, *ſhare*, " or *intereſt* in, or give any *public opinion* on, the ſacred " DRAMA of *Vortigern and Rowena*, until ſuch perſon

" ſhall have been firſt duly inveſted with a *Two Guinea*
" ſtamped LICENCE, under our hand and ſeal, on pain,
" and peril of being proſecuted with the utmoſt rigour,
" as a *Vagabond*, under the wholeſome ſtatute, entitled,
" The *Vagrant* ACT!" " ſo wiſely inſtituted for the
" correction of ſuch *State* abuſes!

(Signed)

" POLONIUS.

(Counterſigned)
" FOLLET. G. C."

This was allowed by all the *knowing ones* preſent, to be a *thought* of the moſt *profound polity*, and equal to any thing recorded of the ſagacious *Houſe of* BURLEIGH! It naturally branched itſelf into a two-fold good; viz. 1. as a touch-ſtone of *inſurance* as to the *qualification*, and *ability* of voters!—2dly—which his Lordſhip's *liberality* muſt mark as the principal conſideration,—it inſtantly made the *Literary Inqueſt* more *ſelect*, tended to expedite the proceedings of the Court, and thus patriotically expoſe the endleſs duration of *Haſtings' Impeachment*. *Licences* were accordingly taken out by thoſe who were prepared for this *voluntary* LEVY; and thoſe who were not, were very decorouſly kicked out of Court!

Another decree of a ſubordinate kind, likewiſe paſſed, viz. to change the *ſuffrage*, annexed to the choſen Paſſages, from GUILTY and *Not* GUILTY, to "GENUINE" and "*Not* GENUINE;"—the vulgar repetition of the ſound of *guilt*, &c. being ſometimes obſerved to raiſe a *demi-bluſh* of confuſion on the OFFICIAL cheek!—The ſolemn buſineſs of the day then commenced.

The following is the Liſt of *Licenced* VOTERS, and their ſelected *Paſſages*, enregiſtered at this Sitting, which we are promiſed in time for to-morrow's publication, viz.

5. Marg. ANS——H.
6. Earl H——WE.
7. Hon. Mrs. ST—N—PE.
8. Mrs. FITZ——T.
9. Lord CH——R.
10. Marquis TOW——D.

The CLERK in COURT has directed us to make an *Erratum* in our firſt day's report, on the *Paſſage* which Mr. B——F—Y had ſo aptly ſelected for his conſcientious ſuffrage to repoſe on!—we therefore requeſt that the *Cognoſcenti* will *eraſe*, and thus *amend* the *Record*:

For "waſhed his *facre* face in the Tagus,"
Write "waſhed his *fair* in the Tagus,
"To admire it in its glaſſe, &c."

This emendation is unqueſtionably due to common *decency* as well as common ſenſe. The word *facre*, as a Saxon derivative, unfortunately ſignifies *ſallow!* it cannot therefore be ſuppoſed by thoſe in any habits with the worthy Member for *Yarmouth*, that a Gentleman, naturally conſcious of ſo *fair a face* himſelf, could have ſelected a paſſage thus perſonally repugnant to his own taſte and feelings!

VI.—Marg—ne of AN—P—CH.

"Oh! ſhe would enacte you, from earlieſt youthe,
"ſcenes to bewitche men's eyes! and eares! and hartes!
"—Of late ſhe did performe the QUEENE right regallie;
"and got a goodlie Sir to play her FOOLE!—Heaven
"bleſſe her *Highneſſe:* for ſhe hath had her ups, and
"downes in this madde worlde in plentie!"

PAGE 3.—*Not* GENUINE.

VII.—Earl H—o—wE.

——— " At ebbe of fleetinge life,
" One deed of armes he valiantlie atchiev'd,
" Of warlike enterprize!—Alofte he bore
" The Britiſh ſtandarde to that ruthleſſe coaſte,
" Where *Gallicke* ſtreamers deeply ſtained with bloode,
" Brav'd the indigant ſkie! there proudlie conquer'd:
" Oh! noblie done!—With laurel wreathe well grac'd,
" Nowe let the vet'ran Chiefe ſeek calme retreate,
" Cheer'd by the radiance of his ſettinge ſunne,
" Leſt Chance ſhould marre, by palſied ſtroke his fame!"

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

VIII.—Hon. Mrs. ST—a—N—k—PE.

——— " ROWENA hearde the tale,
" Smil'd midde her griefe, o'er all his val'rous deedes,
" Then aſk'd, in teares, his ſtorie o'er againe!"

PAGE 7.—GENUINE.

IX.—Lord Ch——r.

" Howe can I ſhifte me more?—Have I not runne
" through all the colours of the changeful ſkie?—My
" coate and doublette, are they not thread-bare growne in
" turninge?—Were not my very ſkinne ſeene through,
" I'd trie the t'other ſide of that to pleaſe you!"

Page 76.—Genuine.

X.—Mrs. Fitz—t.

——— " O! lengthen'd torture of ſuſpenſe!
" And muſt I grace a *Courtlie* Rival's triumphe?
" —Bende ſtubborne harte, and lowlie learn to meete
" The toweringe eye of her, whoſe pictured charmes
" At diſtance won the fickle truante from thee.
" Alack! too near thy weakneſſes were ſeene,
" And ſo they're nowe moſt ſpeedilie forgotten!"

Page 2.—*Not* Genuine.

X.—Marq—s Tow——d.

" Of all your ſharp-brain'd fellowes, give me a *wet*
" *witte!* Why, he's the Prince of Bottle Conjurors! he'll
" draw you ſix leng corkes in the twinklinge of a land-
" ladie's eye!—At *Lente*, a ſpice o' th' moral man comes
" o'er him; now weares he ſackcloth, and loathinge his
" wine, chauntes ſtraines of pſalmodie in doleful ſpirit:
" —At *Lammas*, the fleſh again prevailes, and then ear-
" rols he tales of bawdrie, 'till he ſendes the Moone
" ſhame-faced to bed!"

PAGE 4.—GENUINE.

THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

XI.—Lord E—DL—Y.

—— "Why, he's no Jewe! I ſawe him eate *Porke* with
"a Pigge-driver, and afterwardes goe forthe, and hunt
"the *Strande* for a littl!e ſweete ſauce to the fleſhe!—Hea-
"ven bleſſe him; for he has a true *Chriſtian* harte, that
"bids him ope his palme to all that neede it!"

PAGE 11.—*Not* GENUINE.

XII.—Ducheſs of Y—K.

—— "That's her, the mirrore of her ſexe,
"Reflecting graces that adorne her ſtate!
"View ye that eye uplifte, of pureſt blue?
"Not for her patiente ſelfe ſhe aſkes a boone,
"But ſighes for bleſſinges wyde on all arounde her!"

PAGE 3.—GENUINE.

XIII.—Miſs Oc—e.

" Where could I place my likinge more worthilie, than
" on his manlye witte, and playful partes?—An antiente
" aunte of mine, who is *ſande-blinde*, faine would have
" croſt my love—but I told her I had eyes, and could
" chuſe my owne partner for *Blindman's buffe!*—My
" father, heaven thank it, is a goodlie man o' th' *Churche*,
" and well-natured—for he coaxed my chinne, and ſmil-
" ing ſaide—forget not, Childe, to worke me out a MITRE
" in chaine-ſtitche!"

PAGE 1.—GENUINE.

XIV.—Sir JOHN S—NC—R.

——— " A ploddinge Sir, that dailie held
" Fantaſtic converſe with his mother *Earthe!*
" A mightie analyzer of all that's littel!
" He'd turn the ſkinne of a poor *barley-corne*
" Full ſix times o'er its backe, t'explore its gender!
" Bred in that frugal clime, where man per force
" Makes his poor breeches o' the cuttinge windes,
" He thought the humble herdes in this might have
" Precedence; ſo he mov'd, kind ſoule, to cloathe
" The SHEEP, by ſpecial Acte of Senate!"

PAGE 6.—*Not* GENUINE.

XV.—Lady Ar——r.

——" Mine was the earlie arte
" To baniſhe Nature's bluſhes from the cheeke!
" I learnt it of a *Dyer's* wife in Spaine,
" Whoſe face in Tyrian die was ſo engrain'd,
" That *Turkie Cockes* aſſail'd her as ſhe paſte!"

Page 21.—*Not* Genuine.

XVI.—Mr. T— Th—mp—n.

" I mett i' th' Vale of *Eveſham* the ſpawne of a *Jewe*
" *Pedlare:* He had wiſelie made the moſt of his father's
" wares, for he wore them right ſwaggeringlie on his
" owne backe!—He was an odde fiſhe—talked of *du-*
" *cattes*, as of duckes, and drakes—and ſwore he was cir-
" cumciſed i' th' fleſhe, to become a mender of the State!"

Page 77.—Genuine.

FOURTH DAY's TRIAL.

XVII.—P—ss of W—l—s.

—— "She came
"A lovelie ſtranger to a foreigne clime,
"To ſeale her virgin wowe, and proudlie winne
"A People's homage! — — ———
"Rough was her paſſage o'er! for three long Moones
"The frettul elements conſpired in wrathe
"To wreſt her from her Lorde!—but now arriv'd,
"Of this ſweete, tender plante, O thou poſſeſt,
"Keepe from its roote the briar's thornie ſnare,
"And baneful creeping ivie of a *Courte:*
"So may this faire exoticke bleſſe our ſoile,
"And bloome therein at peace!"

Page 2.—Genuine.

XVIII.—Duke of P——d.

" Theſe habiliments of tiſſued honour, hange ſo looſlie
" on me, that with reverence to my *Grace*, I am taken for
" little more than one decked out in other men's deſerts.—
" Let that paſs. But ſaie, on what ſtate feature of my vi-
" ſage, dare any man read *Dupe?* 'Tis true that I am a
" ſerving man o' th' *Courte!*—Do all that wiſer men com-
" mand me—Keepe my *Kinge's* Council, and mine own
" place—Then dupe me no *Dupes!* And, were I not afraid
" of ſtaininge my Courtly Doublet, I might ſcratch out
" that filthie worde with daggers: But I'll be no man's
" *dupe* in ſuch bloodie deedes, that's poz!"

PAGE 100.—*Not* GENUINE.

XIX.—D—ss of C——d.

——" How's this? a *marriage regalle*,
" And I not bidden to the feaſte?—The times
" Are ſhametullv untun'd—What then availes
" The minde well-faſhion'd for a *Courte* intrigue?
" Or arte to lime the giddie royalle birde
" Ere he can ſoare on pinion of diſcretion?
" But as they've piqued my woman's pride,
" Let them look to't!—The *honied-moon* gone downe,
" I'll play the *cater-couſin* yet among 'em!"

PAGE 101.—GENUINE.

XX.—Sir Wm. D—lb—n.

" A Knighte begotten at a retreate i' th' *holie* warres! " and now drie-nurfed by his *Alma Mater!* He is a moral " maſter of proprietie, and was at oddes with a croſs-leg- " ged *Oxforde Tailor*, for turning out his toes on *Sundaice!* " —So pious is his regarde for every man's ſoul, that he " ſtrives to packe it off to heaven in its beſt bib, and " tucker!!"

Page 1.—Genuine.

XXI.—Hon. Mrs. D——r.

—— " She, from a block of *Parian* marble,
" Drewe cold antipathies 'gainſt fleſh and bloode,
" Which cuſtome turn'd to loathinge. Nought could move
" Her wrapt imagination, ſave ſome parte,
" Or limbe, grac'd into muſcular proportion
" By her own hand, ſo faire, and ſo creative:
" On this ſhe'd gaze, and bende to ſacrifice,
" With ſtrange delighte!"

Page 4.—*Not* Genuine.

XXII.—Mr. B—ke.

" I knewe a buſie *Eſquire* who conſumed his daies in
" rakeing fierrie coales under the Cauldron o' the State
" to make hotte water!—yet he had genius, with which
" he ſublimelie ſoared beyond human ken! it was alſo
" beautiful—for it ſcorned to traverſe in a ſtrait line;—
" heaven bleſs ſuche wittes from the foule fiende?"

PAGE 13.—*Not* GENUINE.

FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

XXIII.—Earl of C—RL—LE.

"Thoughe once a *Commiſſioner* on a ſimple embaſſie, am "I enacted a bond-man perpetual under the *huge* SEALE "of tollie?—Being both my friendes, and *Stateſmen* now "at oddes, you do mine honour much injurie! You have "ſtucke me up as a pent-houſe, under which to meete, "and call each other foule names by virtue of your *pre-* "*rogative courtlie!* Doubtleſs, you will next expecte to "ſhoote deadlie metal at each other, through my ſtatelie "bodie!—But thankes to my *Witte*, I have the gifte of "rhyme; ſo will I ſpeciallie indite my grievances in "metre, that wiſe men may admire, and pitie me!"

PAGE 22.—*Not* GENUINE.

XXIV.—Marc—ſs T—NS—D.

——— " Howe ſhe was won
" To yielde her virgin harte ſo ſtranglie up,
" No one hath chronicled; that *Goſſip* ſave,
" Whoſe ill-engender'd tales of foule reporte,
" *Truthe* ſmothers ſoone as borne.—Oh! once betrothed,
" She, midde the ranke infections of a *Courte*,
" Bore her bewitchinge beauties with ſuch grace,
" That not a lawleſſe eye dare gaze upon them!
" Faithful to plighted vowes, her youthful courſe
" She run with adverſe yeares; and ſpighte of bloode,
" Kept her quicke pulſe by lowlie temp'rature,
" Coole as the lagginge current of her *Lorde's*;
" And thus in chaſtitie ſo rare,—became
" The envied mother of a lovelie race!"

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

XXV.—Mr. C——NN—G.

" Before the *moulting* time, he promiſed to be a prettie
" Birde, of hopeful Songe!—A blyſter on the backe of the
" *State Chyrurgeon*, for clippinge my young *Dawe* under
" the tongue, to make him more eloquente! Indeed,
" Dame, the poore cut fowle hath ne'er *prattled* to any
" tune ſince!"

PAGE 2.—GENUINE.

XXVI.—Miſs B—y St—t.

" They call'd for *Little Figure*, as I dealt,
" And—Omen deare!—up came the King of *Hartes!*
" —Would that he were not of the *royalle bloode!*
" And yet 'tis none of that proude current bids
" Mine tingle thus thro' every little veine;
" Oh no!—true love is far above all ſtate:
" His lookes are *Princelie*—but his ſighes, and vowes,
" Blende ſoft, and ſweete with mine of humbler birthe!"

Page 117.—Genuine.

XXVII.—Ad. M'Bride.

" I had ſacked their faire Citie, but that the renigadoes
" of *Dunkirke*, like ſo many ſea-moles, raiſed ſhoales, and
" ſande-bankes to pick up my deep-water barques!—The
" Cowardes knew me well, and ſo came not within the
" reache of my red-hot ſhotte!—The firſt convenient
" *Moone* at fulle, I'll trie the knaves on t'other tacke—
" till then, I muſt content me with the goode reportes
" the dailie Newesmen do ſo prettilie promulgate of my
" fame!"

Page 99.—*Not* Genuine.

XXVIII.—Duke of D——t.

——— ——" Here Damſels! view
" A *Knighte* gallante, bedeckt in Beauties' ſpoiles!
" Her *Royalle ſemblance* at my breaſt I weare,
" But have not ſaid, her *love* the gave me with it;
" Of that no matter:—but by your bright eyes
" She had the moſt invitinge rubbie lippe,
" That *France* through all her womanhood could boaſte!
" —Mark ye this ribbande of *Imperial* blue?
" If it were not her owne ſofte *garter*,
" Yet, I proteſte, tranſportinglie 'twas gained,
" By the ſweete breathe of her ſolicitude:
" What could a *Regal beautie more?*"

PAGE 11.—GENUINE.

SIXTH DAY's TRIAL.

XXIX.—Sir S—D—Y Sm—TH.

——" When I ſerved the *Royalle* Sweede, he gave my " valoure fulle credence for what it did intende!—but " my furlie countriemen are keene reckoners to paſſe a " runninge account with—they will have the cleare ſum " total of bloode, and conflagration! Suppoſe ye, the " *Frenche*, deepe ſkilled in the artes magique, mighte re- " builde the Shippes which my proweſſe did annihilate— " howe am I to blame?—I burnte them all to ſea-char- " coale, and that in the twinklinge of my owne Northerne " Starre, as I am a *Knighte*, and a *Circumnavigator?* " Had I thoughte that my reporte would have been unac- " credited, I might have ſworne that I *ate* them into the " bargaine!"

Page 33.—Genuine.

XXX.—D—tc—ſs of R—T—D.

" Were I a Woman with an Angel face,
" By birthe diſtinguiſht, and with children bleſt,
" I would not blurre the ſtocke of ſuch faire fame,
" By apeing of the wanton thinge I am not!
" Youth's giddie meteor, *Ladie*, is gone bye,
" Loſt in declenſion midde new blazinge ſtarres:
" Why then through Follie's ever changeful ſkie
" Its trackleſſe courſe purſue?—Have you not ſeene,
" When heaven's own conſtellations 'gin to wane,
" More, and more chaſte, and envied they doe ſhine,
" Ev'n to their farewelle ſettinge!"

PAGE 108.—GENUINE.

XXXI.—Ch—s Wy—d—m.

—— "I knewe him, t'other ſide the *Appenines*, on his "youtheful travel, a fellowe of much honeſt worthe,— "one wedded to his friende, and flaſke!—No ſooner did "the Dog ſtarre rage, than out he ſallied forthe among "the ſofter ſexe, a gaie gallante!—and, by the maſſe, the "rantipole dames of qualitie made the moſt of him!— "Good nature was his foible; for he rode you his dailie "roundes through *Padua* on horſebacke, to keepe honeſt "men's *wives* quiet!—Even his hunter would ſtop, as "'twere by animal inſtincte, at the neweſt ſigne of the "*hornes*!—The wagge has had his daye—and now calm- "lie ſits he downe, and talkes of traile atchievements "paſte, like an invalided warriore, unfit for bodilie ſer- "vice!"

Page 44.—*Not* Genuine.

XXXII.—C—ſs of AL—M—LE.

" Oh! ſhe could ſhifte almoſt her lovelie ſexe—
" To everie motion give a varying grace!
" This daie ſhe'd leade the TROOPE i' th' *tented fielde!*
" Nexte—walke a furious matche 'gainſt *gaffer* TIME!
" At heade of HOUNDES now hunte the wilie *Foxe*,
" Outſtripe her *Lorde*, and claime the culprit's bruſhe!
" Then urge the *Chariot race* with fierie ſteeds!
" Or *ſteer the* VESSEL through overwhelming ſeas!
" —I marvel, when in aire ſhe'll learne to *flie!*
" Oh winges ſhe ſoone muſt have to ſoare alofte,
" And drawe men's eyes adoringlie tow'rds heaven!

PAGE 7.—*Not* GENUINE.

SEVENTH DAY's TRIAL.

XXXIII.—Earl FITZ—M.

" They ſent me over ſeas, to be toſſed by one of my " owne *Iriſhe Bulls!*—When I thoughte to plaie on them " a *Yorkſhire bite*, ſlylie came there forthe one further " from the *Northe*, who *cabbaged* all my buckram, and " left my ſtate doublet without bodie lineing!—Oh, Sir, " they have treated me moſt inſultinglie!—I have been " caught in their *Courte-trappe*, like a *Dunſtable Larke*, " and now they intend to roaſte and baſte me, without " any of the crumbes of comforte! But, by the grace of " G—d, and the *Biſhop* of mine own anointing, I have " preſerved true my *Catholicke faithe!*"

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

XXXIV.—C——ss D—lk—th.

" So faire a bloſſome hath not *Scotia* graced,
" Since the dire daies of Beauties' martyr'd Queene!
" Her bridal Maides no am'rous flowret ſtrew'd
" Before *Rowena*,—nature's ſweeteſt bud,
" Who chaſtlie bluſh'd herſelf a damaſk roſe;
" 'Twas almoſt ſinne to pluck it! I marvel much,
" Whether that envied chiefe, her Northern Lorde,
" Will give ſuch hopeful lovelineſſe in bloom,
" To the rude breathe of Caledonian climes!"

PAGE 121.—*Not* GENUINE.

XXXV.—*Commodore* P——ne.

" To ſerve a *Prince* right courteouſlie, you ſhould be no
" maker of *mince meat!*—Amphibious muſt you be!—
" prompt to atchieve ſtrange deedes by lande, or water!
" on ſhore, his *Highneſs'* wantes, and wiſhes execute,
" before the fancie royalle hath time to faſhion them:
" and when your barke's afloate, give up your pliant failes
" to amorous windes, and fetch him cargoes of untried
" love from ev'ry pointe o' th' compaſs!"

PAGE 19.—GENUINE.

XXXVI.—Mrs. S—WB—GE.

——— " How trulie widowed weeds
" Depict the ſemblance of a *Woman*'s ſorrowe!
" Well do they name theſe mournful ribands *Love*—
" Emblems of joye that's paſt, and love that's yet in ſtore!
" Come hither Blanche—ſay how I look to-daie
" For if my glaſſe ſpeake true, this ſorrowe feign'd
" Doth charminglie become me!"

PAGE 20.—*Not* GENUINE.

EIGHTH DAY's TRIAL.

XXXVII.—Earl of Ux——ge.

——— " I am myſelf deſcended from the antiente
" loines of Alexander the *Copper* Smithe! but it matters
" not how a *greate man* was either borne or begotten, if
" *chance* do but ſtande his God-father!—I knewe a fel-
" lowe, deſtined by fate to ſcratche like a mole under
" grounde, 'till delvinge there one luckie daie, he ſpied a
" veine of *ſhininge oare*, on which he ſette men of more
" genius than himſelfe to worke him out a *Crownette*—
" This, deckt with belles and feathers, on his owne tem-
" ples of unblufhinge metal formed, did he ſwaggeringlie
" place, for all men's eyes to marvelle at!"

Page 77.—Genuine.

XXXVIII.—Sir Ch. T—n—r.

—— "Give me a Soldier of *fortune*, who can afforde
" to hunte his enemie abroad with *bloode houndes!* Re-
" turninge home, he maie champion fate to th' utter-
" moſte, and ſtand you undauntedlie a throwe o' the *dice-*
" *boxe*, more deadlie than the rattle of *Bellona's cannon!*"

Page 23.—*Not* Genuine.

XXXIX.—C——ſs of P—mf—t.

——— "Oh, Sir! I'll wager you
" The Lapedaries ſkille 'gainſt that of nature!
" It matters not howe plaine th' entablature
" Rounde which the cunninge artiſte doth beſette
" His ſparklinge jewelrie—What *Dame* can lacke
" The living luſtre of an hazle *eye*,
" Whoſe vacancie a brilliant gem filles up?
" —Or who the poutinge rigeneſs of a *lip*,
" Which rubies ſo enchantinglie ſupplie?"

Page 66.—Genuine.

XL.—Mr. C—WTH—NE.

—— " My wife's BANKE is as firme as the proude one " which the *Londonne* Merchantes doe intende for their " faire citie!—I *puncte* at it mine ownſelfe i' th' familie " way, ſo both are gainers; for though ſhe may cocke " me out of my coine, I have my night's amuſement for " my monie!"

PAGE 30.—*Not* GENUINE.

NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

XLI.—Mar—ſs S——y.

——— " As I am not more coylie faſhioned than the " huntreſs *Dian*, I finde no ſporte i' th' Chaſe, unleſs " they mount me on a mettled ſteede—one retaining all " the powers which bounteous Nature gave him! I rode " a geldinge in my youtheful daies—but the dull *Mule* " had not one pace to pleaſe me! It joies me moſt to be " in at the extatic deathe!—but howe that can be, I " marvel, unleſs a woman be gaillie mounted?"

PAGE 25.—*Not* GENUINE.

XLII.—Earl of CH—TF—D.

——— " Between you and me, he's become no leſs " a creature, than the ear-wig of the Caxon Royale!— " To be a bearer of wonderous tidings, is his foule's " delighte; and when he cannot picke up his budget " fulle of tales, how marvelouſlie will he coin 'em!— " He's chuck full of antickes—and he'll fetch and " carrie poſt, like an over-ſea dog, ſo that you do but " laughe, and ſpit on a cruſt for his foolerie!"

PAGE 110.—GENUINE.

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XLIII.—Mrs Ed. B—v—ie.

" Thinke not you gaze upon a ſtatue here,
" Whoſe beauties live but on an outward forme!
" Inſpecte the movements of *Iſthina's* minde,
" And theſe will ſanctione Man's idolatrie!
" —Her maiden modeſtie ſhe ſtill retaines
" Through all the duties of a wedded life.
" With meltinge energies of ſoul endued,
" See with what grace ſhe mildlie yields her owne,
" Or rules by reaſon's charme another's will!]
" Oh let this lovelie gem be fairlie copied."——

Page 44.—Genuine.

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XLIV.—Earl of J——y.

——— " I followe our Sovereigne Lord the *Prince* in
" Kendal Greene, to hunte the hinde, and harte, to the
" founde of mine own horne!—Paſſing *Hearne's Oake*, our
" laſt ring i' th' foreſt, my *roane mare* made a falſe ſtep,
" and wiſking me o'er her eares, the jade muſt have ſplit
" me, had I not fortunatelie fell into a buckthorne buſh,
" where, as goode lucke would have it, I hung ſecurelie
" by mine own deare heade!"

Page 3.—*Not* Genuine.

TENTH DAY's TRIAL.

XLV.—Duke of N——k.

" Should a man in theſe hurlie-burlie daies, be per-
" mitted to weare a heade on his ſhoulders, let him not
" quarrel about the colour of it!—but if they *powder*
" mine, they ſhall eate it into the bargaine!—I'll weare
" my nob as long as I can, in *ſable*, for the frailties of
" my bodie!—The knaves knewe that my ſole delighte
" were in *rape* and *canarie*, and therefore have they clap-
" ped a double taxe on our Women, and Wine!"

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

XLVI.—C——ſs M—x—h.

—— " That inſinuatinge creature Man,
" Wooes us to cut the Gordian knot in twaine,
" Which ties the ſlender bande of wedded love!
" Tho' Woman's train'd to trim the Veſtale lampe,
" It will not ſave her from the gazing eye
" Of lawleſs rapture!—O'er my witching face,
" I throwe my flowinge ringlets as I paſſe,
" To guarde me from their lookes laſcivious;
" And yet the wanton windes weave them in ſnares
" To trap me fillie men ſo very faſte,
" That for my ſoule I cannot ſet them free!"

Page 30.—*Not* Genuine.

XLVII.—Mr. B—dh—d.

" Our Houſe is ſometimes haunted with evil ſprites
" of fantaſticke ſhapes, and colours! Once in twelve
" moones, they turn it out o' th' windowes, and I am
" placed belowe to catch it!—The neighbours ſaye,
" there's rare witte in all theſe doings—but in the quiet
" meekneſs of my harte, I ne'er could finde it out!"

Page 88.—Genuine.

XLVIII.—Mrs. P——zi.

" I knewe her the wife of honeſt *Guzman*, a good com-
" pounder of *Malte*, and *Hoppes*;—then had ſhe the rea-
" ſonable uſe of her mother-tongue.—No ſooner was he
" defuncte, than ſhe became enamoured of foreigne dig-
" nities,—wedded a *Milaneſe piper*, and travelled o'er the
" Appenines to the tune of his boxe of whiſtles!—On her
" returne, ſhe ſet up a feminine manufactorie, for weav-
" inge *converſations ſuperfine*!—Theſe tabbies pronounced
" the deſtinies of their owne ſexe like *Sybils*, and became
" haters of mankind, becauſe men liked them not! nay,
" the whimſical jades wore ſtockings of *ſkie-blue*, not
" having a leg among 'em to catch an eye, without the
" noveltie of colouringe!"

PAGE 68.—GENUINE.

ELEVENTH DAY's TRIAL.

XLIX.—Sir R—B—T M—CKR—H.

" I have ventured at laſt to be touched with *colde iron*, " which argufies conſequence, as well as valour!—To " have a thininge blade whipped acroſs my humble " ſhoulder, by the dexter hande of Sovereigntie, gives " me the *poliſh of gentilitie*, which rubs out everie ſpot " of *vulgar ruſt!* At the firſt call to the preſence royale, " *Coming up!*" ſays I, as cheerfullie as ever! on which " the Lordes and Ladies of the Courte, in admiration of " my witte, were pleaſed to laugh moſt heartilie!— " Should any meddlinge foole aſke of me, howe I came " thus dignified?—marry the anſwer's plaine; becauſe " I got my monies *darklie*, and as it were i' the *nighte*, ſo " in the wiſdome of greater men than myſelfe, I was " thought right worthie to be be-*knighted!*"

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

L.—Lady C—NL—FE.

——— " When ſummer revels 'gin,
" And through the woodland ſcenes, the beugle horne
" Calls forthe the *merrie* ARCHERS—blith I leade
" My buſkin'd nymphes, equipt with graceful bowe,
" To trie their ſkille in *Cheſhire*'s bloominge vale!
" If with more arte my feather'd arrowes flie
" True to the target's center—quicke I turne
" A careleſſe eare to flatterie's buzzing traine,
" Content with that fair-gotten meede of healthe,
" Which ſportive innocence beſtowes!"

PAGE 112.—*Not* GENUINE.

Ll.—Lord C—TN—Y.

——— " I ſawe it flutteringe o'er a banke of
" violettes, gaier than a May-born butterflie!—If our
" Natura'iſts looke not to it, we ſhall looſe, I feare, the
" ſtocke of this ſweet *non-deſcript* in colde extinction;
" for, by the maſſe, it ſeemes too delicate, t'endure the
" vulgar toiles of procreation!"

PAGE 78.—GENUINE.

LII.—Miſs H—o—d—TH—M.

— " Nay, nay, flout me as you pleaſe, I'll keepe my " *ſpinſter*'s humour! What care I, if I am doom'd to " dance an ape in t'other worlde?—is it not better far, " than being chain'd to one in this?—Tell me,—have I " not a warme huſbande in my bags of golde, in value " of which the ſneakinge fellowes would faine make " me a wife!—For this coine of mine, which I knowe " how to take care of myſelfe, all men are my *moſt de-* " *voted!*—ſweare I have more perſonal attractions than " the Sea-born Goddeſſe, and that my circuitous waiſte " is more delicatelie ſhaped than even *Dian*'s girdle— " admirable conceits! But I have *laughed* at the humour " of theſe poor knaves ſo long, 'tis no marvel I have " growne FAT!"

PAGE 66.—GENUINE.

TWELFTH DAY's TRIAL.

LIII.—D——ſs of G——r.

——— —— " I ſcorne to aſk of fate
" Why I, ſo regallie allied to thrones,
" Am thus debarred my lawful righties of ſtate,
" Of homage, fealtie, and courtlie ranke?
" In this long baniſhment from all my claimes,
" My woman's pride doth ſtill ſuſtaine
" The loftie bearings of a *princelie* mind!
" Rather than mingle with the motlie herde,
" Which form the fleetinge nobleſſe of our land,
" In dignified obſcuritie I'll dwell,
" And diet on mine own proud ſpleene till death!"

PAGE 21.—GENUINE.

LIV.—Earl of L—s—r.

" Why, Sir, he hath climbed every arm of the mightie " *tree of Genealogie*, like a School-boie after Rookes nests; " and can pointe you out the oldeſt branch, which bore " his great forefather as its firſt fruit!—He hath a moſt " ſenſitive noſtril for the flowers of *antiente Nobilitie*— " and will ſmell you out the ſtocke from our *red* or *white* " *roſe*, a furlonge off!—He now delights in the ſleeping " languages of paſt daies, and therefore hath he been " created great *Lorde Decypherer* of the *dead letters!*—As " an *Antiquarian* he is moſt dexterous, for he proved, in " the teethe of the Courte, that he was *born* before his " father, and therefore ought to be firſt *thought of*; and, " in truth, ſo he was, for he ſlipt his head into an *Earl's* " *crownet*, which they had beene preparing for his Sire!"

PAGE 114.—*Not* GENUINE.

LV —Lady EL——TH F——R.

" You ſay, that *Rowena* ſhould not have been compelled
" to *wed* according to the *Law Canonical*—marry, why?
" becauſe the *Lawe of Nature*, which was the firſt, doth
" allow unto everie Spinſter to *burn* and the like, after
" her own diſcretion? So that the worlde be but well
" ſtocked with *ſucklings*, male and female, it matters
" not how they were born or begotten. If they finde
" not out their real *Dams*, give them but a good *Foſter*
" *Mother*, and that will content them!"

PAGE 13.—GENUINE.

LVI.—Earl of A——LE.

" Oh, ſhort indeed was that pale honie-moone
" Which ſhone on our greene loves! Could ſhe not bear
" The mild remonſtrance which affection moved,
" To ſhielde our blended pride from painful claimes
" Neceſſitie might rudelie preſſe!—Alas,
" If from that breaſte, which I ſo fondlie made
" The ſecret treaſurie of all my thoughts,
" I could not counſel aſk, nor ſeek repoſe,
" 'Twas well to ſever thus our fates in twaine!—
" Come, little off-ſpring of our ſhort-lived bliſſe,
" Dear tokens of your parents' happier daies,
" Take now the other ſhare of my ſoul's love,
" Which ſhe that bore you deems not worth her keepinge!"

PAGE 44.—*Not* GENUINE.

THIRTEENTH DAY's TRIAL.

LVII.—P——ſs El——th.

—— " Heaven bleſs her merrie harte! and keepe all " ſorrowe from it!—She is the ſweet-tuned fiddle of her " father's Courte, where no true paſtime can be known " without her!—Each bower, and hall, ſhe decks with " ſuch true grace, that you might ſweare where'er ſhe " moves, perpetual Spring attends her:—Oh! blithſome " *Princeſs!* long may the mirthe of innocence be thine, " and thou the faire diſpenſer of its power, to turn aſide " thoſe barbed ſhaftes, which fate full oft doth forge, " wherewith to wounde the boſome of a *Kinge!*"

Page 114.—Genuine.

LVIII.—Earl Gr——r.

——"I met a *Yeoman-pricker* of the Chace, who, "piteous fellowe,—pointed me ſadlie out, a noble an- "tient *Stag*, the feates, and frolickes of whoſe youthe "were gone!—At ruttinge time, now dothe he ſeeke the "ruſhie-bottomed glen, thence to behold his ſucceſſors "trip by in luſtie rivalrie, leading the amorous herde at "pleaſure o'er the heathe, while he dothe deeplie ſigh "for ſportes now paſte, and ſhed in lonelie ſolitude his "hornes!"

Page 4.—Genuine.

LIX.—D——ſs H—l—n.

"Soft, unſuſpicious ſifterhood of mine,
"Ere you the hand of innocence beſtowe
"On wooinge man—marke well, I praie,
"The temper of his mind!—Oh! wed ye not
"To brutal fulleneſs, in Lordlie ſhape,
"Or lowe vulgaritie diſguiſed in ſtate.
"Unheedinge this, incautiouſlie I fell
"From all the virgin pleaſures of my youthe,
"To miſeries almoſt confined to me,
"The titled ſhadowe of a *widowed* Wife!"

Page 88.—*Not* Genuine.

LX.—Sir Jos. B——ks.

" Why have I circled wide the varying poles?
" Search'd Nature to her fource in every clime,
" Survey'd her animals, her plants, and flowers,
" Learnt every particle of fande by name,
" And lowlie duft of which vain man's compounded?
" Why ranfack'd thus the ever-changeful globe,
" But to extende the focial intercourfe
" 'Twixt Heaven's created beings?—This I've done,
" And moulded to one common will with mine
" Two * *Creatures* oppofite in Nature's fcale;
" Unbente their aukwarde dignitie of minde,
" To fhare with me equalitie of rights.
" Two yeares their bafhful modeftie I woo'd,
" Ere they, by joint confent, would imitate
" Man's daily avocations: docile growne,
" They now will reafon with me on the fquare,
" Hop where I walke, and reft if I but paufe!
" Eate when I feede, and fleepe at my repofe!
" Thus we inftinctivelie philofophize
" On all our little wantes for fleetinge life!"

PAGE 21.—GENUINE.

* *Alluding, as Mr.* MALONE *fhrewdly fufpects, to the extraordinary whim of a* Naturalift *in thofe days, who devoted his latter years to the humane office of taming a* TOAD, *and a* BADGER! *After reconciling their rude antipathies, he domefticated them with fo much addreſs to his own family, as at laſt to boaſt of them, as a pair of the moſt* rational beings *in the whole circle of his acquaintance!*

FOURTEENTH DAY's TRIAL.

LXI.—M—q—ſs of S——y.

—— "Yes, that is the great POLONIUS himſelf!—He "doth expect the humble homage of our knee—and muſt "have it! I prithee call him not a ſhallow-witted Lorde, "when his wiſe head is crammed ſo full of braines, "that he knowes not which way to turne them!—Some "whimſical God, in heatheniſh daies! decreed, that he "ſhould be born a lottie man, and a mightie!—He is the "*Cuſtos Morum* of the *Harmonique Spheres*, under whoſe "authoritie poor *Bardes*, and *Minſtrels*, are whipped "from tything to tything!—likewiſe a deep Aſtronomer, "ſkilled in the ſigns from *Taurus* to *Capricorn!* and ſo "great a *Naturaliſte*, that he knowes the *budding* ſeaſon "by the note of the prophetick *Cuckoe!*"

PAGE 87.—GENUINE.

LXII.—Lady W——M R——E.

" Oh, deareſt Nurſe! and it be like its father, as you " ſaie, and a lovelie *boy*, ſee quicklie if it's prettie mouthe " be furniſhed with a *tongue!*—and it be tied, I praie you " cut, with tender care, the ligature in twaine, that the " maladie of ſilence be not entailed upon our line of " *Males!* Were it a *girl*—ſuch pains were uſeleſs, as its " *Grand Mama*, who hathe not yet the *fruitful arte* for- " ſworne, full oft declared, no female progenie of hers " could be devoid of *prattling powers!*"

PAGE 187.—GENUINE.

LXIII.—Duke of R—M—D.

— " With fronte of colde, and weather-beaten braſſe,
" Sullen he moved, and ſlowe, like batt'ring-ramme,
" As if he plann'd indignantlie to raze
" His own proude battelments!—then ſuddenlie
" With humble creſt he ſpake!——
" In mine own workes, chin-deep was I entrench'd,
" Cover'd with *baſtions* raiſed from mines of golde,
" Defyinge *ſap!* or *ſiege!* or *coup-de-main!*
" Till one *howitzer*, mounted on an height,
" So gall'd my *flanke—diſmounted* all my *gunnes*,
" That I a *parlie beat!*—no *honours* aſk'd,
" But *marcb'd me out*, unable to contende
" Againſt the wratheful ORDINANCE of Heaven!"

PAGE 101.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXIV.—Lady W—L—CE.

" Theſe are not the times to ſtand upon a punctilious " obſervance of ſexe, or to hide a maſculine boldneſſe " under the flimſie veil of female delicacie!—Looke upon " the Scottiſh *bonnie* BELL?—a *he-ſhe* citizen of everie " lande! She wears you men's *fillebegs* looſelie like a " *Turke!*—can *box* with Datchet bargemen,—*ſwim* like " a mermaid with her fair face upwards!—and puſh low " quarte with the nimbleſt maſters of th' aſſault!—So " amphibiouſlie created, as to be ready for any ſervice, by " ſea, or lande! I've ſeen her toſſe off a glaſs of flip, and " dance a reele on deck, while the weather-beaten veſſel " was ſhaking under three reefed ſails!—Put on ſhore, " ſhe would flie to the beat of martial drum, hoiſte up " her under-petticoat to drie, and while it was ſhot at by " Kentiſhe *Volunteers*, laugh at the bungling markſmen, " for not hitting the target in the bull's eye!"

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

FIFTEENTH DAY's TRIAL.

LXV.—Princeſs R——L.

" No, in good ſoothe!—I am not one of thoſe
" To breathe out ſighes for that vain creature Man
" To lorde it o'er me in an unknown clime!
" Too ſoone the ſofte deluſion of his tongue
" A changeful huſband turns to wanton dames!
" Let others then in patient ſilence ſit,
" And ſee each Ladie of their Courte careſt,
" Or lowlie handmaid of their houſe preferr'd;
" But I'll ne'er pine, or fade in ſplendid ſorrowe,
" Compell'd to weare the ſemblance of delighte,
" While my ſwoln harte is rending with its grief!
" In peace domeſtique rather let me dwelle
" Within the boſome of my native iſle,
" Nor barter bleſſings of a Britiſh growthe,
" For foreigne miſerie in ſtate array'd!"

PAGE 132.—GENUINE.

LXVI.—Duke of M——GH.

—— " He was a marvellous admirer of the *Antients*, " and recommended the antique coinage to the treasurie " of his friendes, content himself with hoardinge up the " golden produce of the moderne mints! In wordlie wis- " dome he had a right saving knowledge, so that he " wasted you no more *wordes*, than *pistorines*!—As a greate " man he panted after elbowe-roome—and gained it, by " adding unnumber'd acres to his vaste domaines! He " followed not his martial progenitor in surrounding vast " Empires, but indulged himself in the pacifique plan of " drawing a line of circumvallation round a single *Shire*! " —For this, upon his table sovereignlie becarpetted, do " lie the maps, and charts of neighbouring demesnes, " which, as a mortal with an *earthlie*-minde, his eye " doth greedilie devour!"

PAGE 99.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXVII.—Mr. T—r—v—s.

" I marvel whether it be profitable, or not, in *Jewe*, or " *Gentile*, to chaunte ballades of bawdrie for looſe Lordes, " and crack luſcious jokes to yielde them the kernels, " till time hath left him toothleſs ?"

PAGE 181.—GENUINE.

LXVIII.—Lady D—y T—MP—N.

" In daies of yore, I drewe God's Creatures male about " me by the light of a lovelie countenance ! I had an *eye* " then which made ſome of them ſmart for it : but that's " gone bye. So now with lengthened veil, and demitie " coats cut ſhort, I ſallie forthe in everie flauntinge breeze, " and make them prance like madmen after me, to the " elaſtic ſpring of my well-turned leg ; while I, a flying " Daphne, chide the rude windes which give it to their " view !—As for the loſt expreſſion of an *eye*, it mat- " ters not, becauſe a *willing tongue* abundantlie ſup- " plyes it !"

PAGE 48.—*Not* GENUINE.

SIXTEENTH DAY's TRIAL.

LXIX.—Lord K—y—n.

—— " If he be not great grandſon to the pepper-corn " *Llewellen*, then knowe I noughte of the race of *An-* " *tiente Britons!*—but let that paſs.—When a ſtriplinge, " he did ſerve by virtue of indenture tripartite, old *Capias*, " a ſlie bag foxe of the Lawe hard bye the *Wreken!* there " picked he up the minor *quirkes*, and *quidlibets*; but to " the darker myſteries of the blacke Arte, he entered a " *Amurver!* From retailinge Lawe thus in ſmall portions " averdupoiſe, he became by degrees the greate diſpenſer " of that wholeſome drug to the King's wide common- " weale! Still kepte he his ballance ſo nicelie poiſed, " that yieldinge to no other weighte, a ſingle ſcruple of " his own conſcience would turne the beame. Some " liken him to a cholorique Chymiſte, whoſe virtue is " tried by his own *fire*;—but what needes the outwarde " wrathe of him, who hathe a minde within, pure as " the mountaine aire which firſt he breathed!"

PAGE 237.—GENUINE.

LXX.—C——ſs W—DG—VE.

—— ——" Far from the worlde retired,
" In plaintive widowhoode ſhe paſt her daies!
" The deeplie-graven image of her Lorde
" Was treaſured at her harte, and there faſte bound
" By the dear pledges of a well-tried love!
" Each fleetinge houre ſhe call'd her little traine,
" Looked for ſome featured copie of their Sire,
" In fonde expectancie that ſhe might trace
" A buddinge likeneſſe in each youthful minde,
" Sweete proxie of the noble worthe ſhe loſt!"

PAGE 166.—GENUINE.

LXXI.—Earl P——t.

" Yes, yes, I tell you! the fame COUNT TIVOLIO
" who did pennance laſt Lent at the Roman Carnival!
" A man of taſte ſo much refined, that he will dance
" along the flintie way to *Mantua* barefooted, to the tune
" of a good dinner, ſo that you call not on him to paie
" the piper! He hathe a nature created with exquiſite
" ſenſibilitie for bodilie endurance! He faith in veritie,
" that man was faſhioned for long ſufferinges; that if
" they totle him up a chimnie like a pancake, he ought
" not to murmur—nor complain of thoſe who may
" kindlie beat him as they do a Turkie carpet, to get the
" dirt out of it by manual compunction!"

PAGE 91.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXXII.—D——ſs of G—D—N.

" Ken you that Dame from t'other ſide the *Tweede?*—
" 'Tis the gaie wife of the puiſſant Thane!—Becoming,
" as Goſſip Fame reports, an analyſer of Burgundian
" juices, they caught her faire face like the wildfire of
" *St. Arthonie*, and cruellie marred its beauties!—Under
" the radiance of her owne countenance, ſhe can now
" warmlie delineate all Heaven's created things by their
" proper names, without further bluſhinge!—Rearing a
" broode of March chicks wifelie, ſhe did kindlie accom-
" modate two ſucking Dukes with a pair of them, as
" greate bridale bargaines! and for her prettie neſtlinge
" that remains, ſhe doth promiſe to herſelf as goode a
" market!—Ever merrie is her hearte, that trips it
" lightlie to a joyous reele, and politique her heade,
" that gaines her the choiceſt ſecrets that paſſe between
" the poles!"

PAGE 113.—*Not* GENUINE.

SEVENTEENTH DAY's TRIAL.

LXXIII.—D—ke of G—FT—N.

" How is it, lordie Senators, that a ſmuggled daſh of " the *bloode regalle* curdlinge in a mortal man's veines, " ſhould freeze up the genial currente of his ſoule?—If " any one hathe neede to gaze upon the puiſſante *Hugolto*, " it muſt be at diſtance vaſt! for he is more loftie than " any other of God's creatinge, by many cubittes! Prouder " in proſperitie than a pamper'd War-horſe, although in " jeopardie of ſtate he bends his raven creſt, till you may " drive him before you like a pinion'd Storke: ſo im- " perious in a fielde of hunters, that every one is inclined " to become his WHIPPER-IN right heartilie! 'Tis ſaid " an aguiſh kind of love fit attacked him, tottering un- " der the exceſs of power, and that the ſame palpitation " ſhooke him out of his Miſtreſs, and hi- Place! A raie of " ſunſhine once rudelie broke o'er the darke horizon of " his viſage, and forced a ſmile; but in penance for the " familiar deede, he hath thenceforth doomed his face " to the planetarie influence of a diget's eclipſe!"

PAGE 123.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXXIV.—C——ſs of D——by.

" Lo! milde *Rowena* to her friendes reſtored,
" And all the meedes of innocence and peace,
" Lookes on the troubled waters ſhe has paſt
" With wonder at her owne deliverance!
" Still her faire browe its diadem diſplaies,
" Which female artes would fain have wreſted from her.
" Pitying ſhe ſees a rival queene be-deckt
" With fancied coronettes of changeful hue;
" While ſhe with witte and pleaſantrie beguiles
" The fleetinge houres; nor doth a painful ſighe
" Her boſom move, ſave one of penitence
" For waywarde errors of unguided youthe!
" Oh! there be thoſe, who ſufferinge like her
" Had ſighed their little hartes in twaine—nay wept
" Two levelie eyes to ceaſeleſs founts of ſorrowe!"

PAGE 44.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXXV.—Lord B—g—ve.

" Why, even in the goe-carte of the ſchooles was he " made to prattle like unto a linguiſte of *Athens*, having " his gums rubbed every morninge with a *Greeke* coral " by his Alma Mater!—With his yeares grewe an itch- " inge ambition to become a maker of orations in the " dead languages, which few men livinge might compre- " hende: for this, he attempted to ſpeake with the peb- " ble of *Demoſthenes* in his mouthe before the aſtoniſhed " Senate, which becominge unmanageable, it did unfor- " tunatelie begagg the aſpireinge Declaimer!"

PAGE 54.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXXVI.—C——ſs of B—K—M—RE.

—— " Playing in all ſhapes, and kindes, doth marvel-
" louſlie delighte me!—I can play moſt adroitlie at a
" *rounde game*; and a buſie knife and forke at a *rounde*
" *table!*—Although our Stage be on the decline, I mar-
" vel much if it can fall while I continue the maine
" prop of the Theatre!—Whene'er I do enacte, beare I
" not all before me?—Ev'n the laſt time I did perform a
" movinge parte in a piece militarie at the Duke's privie
" Drama, as I carried off the weſt-end of a fortified towne
" in my retreate through the ſide wings of his Grace's
" ſcenerie! The next parte I do aſſume will be that of
" the Jewiſhe *Shylocke*, findinge my owne propertie of
" *beard*—after which I will have my *pound of fleſhe* for
" ſupper, or my cooke ſhall anſwer for the defaulte by
" loſſe of his vocation!"

PAGE 166.—*Not* GENUINE.

EIGHTEENTH DAY's TRIAL.

LXXVII.—Earl of H—th.

" Though begotten in a cloudie nighte, he was moſt " noblie brought forthe under lunar influence, and there- " fore ſoon became a dabbler in myſteries cœleſtial! He " was ſo well with the plannettes, that he could put you " off an *Eclipſe* for three weeks upon a ſtretch, to the " great confuſion of all aſtronomers!—Deſcended from " King *Bladud* in a converſe line, he did decree himſelfe " hereditarie ruler of the tepid *Bathe*, and there tumbled " into *hot water* by virtue of his owne ſpecial preroga- " tive!—As for *Minſtrels*, and *Shew-folkes*, he baniſhed " them his dominion, becauſe they played the foole more " wiſelie than their better!"

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

LXXVIII.—P——ſs M——RY.

" Amid the princelie bloſſomes which adorne
" Old *Windſor*'s happie ſhades, can nature ſhewe
" A fairer flower to bleſſe each raviſh'd ſenſe?
" More bloominge as ſhe teems in beautie's ſcale,
" Her minde with all the ſocial graces ſtor'd,
" Groves riper yet in ſweete benevolence.—
" Heroic youthes, for chivalrie renown'd,
" When foreigne warfares ſhall no longer rage,
" Turne to this iſle your royale courſe in peace;
" Here viewing well the lovelie treaſure, ſaie,
" Is't fittinge this faire forme ſhould fade unſeen,
" Like the pale lillie in ſequeſter'd vale?"

PAGE 222.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXXIX.—Arch——p of Y——.

" In theſe hacking times of war, ſee that your mitred " *Abbottes* be formed out of bluffe materials—men who " will fall to fightinge ere they have whiſtled o'er their " holie mattins!—Commende unto me for the heade of " the true *Churche Militante*, the moſt reverend *Thwack-* " *hauſſen!*—he hathe a mightie arme for conqueringe the " ſtubborne fleſhe of others, and from his earlieſt daies " hath ruled it with a birchen ſceptre!"

PAGE 23.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXXX.—Mrs. C——NC——N.

—— " Our houſe is deſtined for the ſcene of whimſical " adventures! Unrobeinge myſelfe in my chamber the " other nighte, methoughte I hearde ſome ſtrange noiſe " not far diſtant from my bed!—fearfullie I ſearched in " vaine, the place moſt likelie to conceal a man—but " lookinge underneath the vallence, I eſpied one, at the " ſighte of whome my life-bloode ebbed, and in my " ſwoone the ruffian 'ſcap'd away!—What his buſineſs " could be *under* the bed I cannot divine—but he meant " no goode, or ſurelie he had not been there!"

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.

NINETEENTH DAY's TRIAL.

LXXXI.—Mrs. M—ST—RS.

" Havocke I wotte, hathe this faire Syren made
" 'Mid poore men's mortal hartes, beſtricken with
" The keeene blue light'ning of her roguiſh eyes!
" Still Beautie's flauntinge banner ſhe diſplaies
" With all the little loves ſo cluſter'd rounde,
" That TIME himſelfe enlittes her gaie gallante,
" Bids all her yeares roll pleaſurablie on,
" Allowes nor furrowe to deſpoile her browe,
" Nor ſingle roſe-bud to forſake her cheeke,
" That to his defolating power no charge
" Might lie, for loſſe of lovelineſſe ſo rare!"

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

LXXXII.—Duke of Cl——ce.

—— " Amphibious form'd,
" O'er ſea and land indignantlie he roll'd,
" As if no element beneathe the ſtarres
" Were worthie his dominion!—Yet ſtoop'd he
" To female yoke, and humblie then became
" The foſter father of ſome merrie prankes
" Which his harte's *Queen* with other folke had play'd!
" Though he's a Princelie Chiefe of bouncing wordes
" One pepperinge vollie of her comicke clacke
" Larums his mightie ſoul to mute ſubjection!"

PAGE 44.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXXXIII.—Miſs P—LH—M.

" Oh! the ſhe-ſharkes who ſurrounde the tables of " chance, devoured all my ducattes in my youthe, and " now they ſhie at my miſerie, like a prieſte at a poore " mendicant! —I am nightlie refuſed the loane of a ſingle " ſtake for one ſolitarie cocke; ſo that, biteinge my " fingers ends in madneſſe, I ſit now an idle ſpectator of " fortune's miſchiefe, without a conſoleing ſhare in the " undoinge of others!"

PAGE 20.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXXXIV.—Mr. M—DLET—N.

" What art thou, *memorie*, but a raſh obtruder?—nay a " fell deſpoiler of man's fortune! The little ſhare of thy " retentive facultie I do poſſeſſe, I will uſe as warie " men do a darke lanthorne, making it viſible onlie to " illumine their owne pathe!—For my parte, I'll put a " remembrance on no one's wordes—not even on my " owne, if it be not my goode pleaſure—Why ſhould I " weare a *memorie*, like a tablet on a market croſſe, to " make inquiſitive knaves as wiſe as myſelfe?—I am " well travelled i' th' manners of the *Eaſt*; ſo that, " would men derive information from me, it muſt be as " from the radiant dial, which anſwers interrogatorie " none, unleſſe you make the ſun to ſhine right ſmiling- " lie upon it!"

PAGE 10.—GENUINE.

TWENTIETH DAY's TRIAL.

LXXXV.—Marquiſs C—NW—S.

—— " What though his bodie
" Yielde to the fraile infirmities of nature,
" His loftie mind atchievements hath in ſtore,
" O'er which brighte Honour proudlie may diſplaie
" His pureſt ſtandarde!—Not in carnaged fieldes
" Beſlowed with human gore, are we to ſearche
" For his faire fame, but in ſurviving hoſtes,
" In vanquiſh'd countries, and their proſtrate chiefes
" Reſcued by him from wanton deſolation:
" Such are th' heroicke deedes which Virtue claimes
" Of mightie valour!"

PAGE 76.—GENUINE.

LXXXVI.—Miſs Van—ck.

—— " They ſhall find me ſomebodie in the *Preſence* " Chamber, ſince they have choſen me Bearer of her " Highneſſe' Privie Purſe!—Though as yet but an *emptie* " honour, I do accept it in the fullneſs of my grace right " thankfullie.—Nowe that I grow in ſtate, as well as ſta- " ture, the Prince may comment at his pleaſure on the " comelineſs of my perſon; and I will give the Wag a " grilled Capon, with catches and glees, whenever it " may ſuite his royale humour to ſojourne with me ſo- " berlie at midnighte!"

Page 22.—*Not* Genuine.

LXXXVII.—Earl of Inc—q—n.

—— " By the holie St. *Patricke*, but I have been a " ſpend-thrifte after the polite artes, by which I might " be able one day or t'other to turn a ſaving pennie!— " Being born executor to Sir *Launcelot*, the great Limner, " I had the over-rummaging of all his pieces, both dead " and alive! Och! to be ſure and I did not eſpie me a " prettie tight *kit-cat* among them, in which there was " *goode keepinge:* ſo with a little *oyle varniſhe* of Blarney, " I brought out the beauties of the ſweete Crater, to ſe- " cure them, d'ye ſee, in my own private Collection!"

Page 33.—*Not* Genuine.

LXXXVIII.—C——ſs of B—SB—GH.

" Far you might trace ROWENA's ſad returne
" By teares inceſſante which bedew'd her way:
" Ah! wherefore journie into diſtante climes
" For that repoſe the minde had loſt at home?
" Swiftlie the rumour of our early deedes
" Flies on before us, and dothe of-times blighte
" Thoſe poppie flowrets which our fancie rear'd
" To ſtrew oblivious over our forrowes paſt!—
" Reſt now faire wanderer within our iſle;
" And if domeſtique ſolace thou wouldſt knowe,
" Oh ſhun the *Circe* artes of thine own ſexe,
" Which ruine more, than thoſe of man's undoing!"

PAGE 101.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY's TRIAL.

LXXXIX.—Duke of R—TL—D.

—— " If I had not eſcaped me from the under-petti-
" coates of theſe *doatinge* DOWAGERS, they would have
" ſmothered my peeringe manhoode with the warmthe
" of their maternal affection!—One of them read me
" nightlie lectures on the beauties paramount of the
" *antique*; and theſe, with boyiſh rapture, did I eſtudie,
" until her Grace, my better-knowinge Mother, chid me
" for my follie, and bade me launche my buoyant barque
" upon the flowing tide of youtheful tranſportes!"

PAGE 87.—GENUINE.

XC.—March—ſs of T—CHP—D.

" Saie, when you likened it to new fallen ſnowe,
" And planted countleſſe kiſſes on my hande,
" Was it in rapture o'er its outwarde ſhape,
" Or what its golden palme did then containe?
" Whate'er the motive of this worſhipe—take't,
" And all the treaſure which it doth poſſeſs:
" I praie you look not ſcrupulouſlie nice
" At its contentes; of *golde* there is enough
" To rub, and poliſhe o'er the ruſtic ſpots
" With which dire povertie dothe ſometimes blur
" The nobleſt ermine!—Howe it were begotte,
" That heede not now: ſhould ſome be found that's baſe,
" 'Tis fitter barter for thoſe bauble plumes

" With

" With which weak women do their pride ennoble!
" Huſbande this wealthe right well my Lorde, if not
" Your wife; 'twill aide you in thoſe times of neede,
" When vain diſtinctions may be trod to duſte,
" And all your plighted vowes be loſt in aire!
" —So take me as you found me, SCOT, and *lot!*
" But ſee you fairlie *deal* at preſent by me,
" For I was trained to know when people do * *plaie foule.*"

PAGE 210.—*Not* GENUINE.

* *Mr.* MALONE, *but with a becoming diffidence on ſo delicate a point, is inclined to think* " *that the immortal* BARD *here levels a favourite* PUN *at ſome family anecdotes, well known at that æra in the Annals of* GAMING."

XCI.—Mr. Secretary W—ND—M.

—— " How ſharplie ſette are all his ſeven wittes for " the affaires of State! Amidſt our Sovereigne Lorde's " right ſapiente adviſers, that's the man who will make " the moſt of a ſhatter'd braine, my life on't! By the " maſſe, but he will ſub-divide you the pericranium hu- " man into as many crooked axioms as there be haires on " the ſcalpe of a wilde Indian! then ſo deeplie ſkilled is " he in your mathematiques, that he will ſet any one's " toothe on edge by the mere fileing of his logical ſawe! " —Moſt wiſelie did they conſtitute him their *Secretarie* " of WARFARE, becauſe he could write a legible hande " in ſlaughter; nay, and prove upon a pinche, by his " *bob-minors* and *majors*, that the *Conſtitution* is phyſically " undone, unleſſe it be let *bloode* freelie in the KYNGE'S " name!"

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

XCII.—Mrs. Gr——y.

" This wedded ſparke of mine would make a huſbande " far more conjugal, if he were a *Stateſman* leſs conſe- " quential!—At times, when I do fondlie interpret the " language of a looke, to the gaze of admiration on the " perſon he did ſweare to love, for better and for worſe— " he dothe my verie ſoule bechill with ſome exclamation " of—*the* Gentleman *in his eye!*"—Now quicklie turn- " ing rounde, threatens to—" *divide the Houſe*"—with " which in wedl ecke he en lowed me!—Anon he whiſ- " pers in mine ear ſomewhat of " *a motion he would* " *make*;"—but ſoone, alack, cries out, " I've loſt it by " the *previous queſtion!*"—Heaven defende his ſweete " wittes, and direct them to one faire point of love or " politiques, for, in their divided ſtate, I feare he'll marr " them bothe!"

Page 44—*Not* Genuine.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY's TRIAL.

XCIII.—Sir Joseph M—wb—y.

" I am neighbour, at nexte doore, to Sir Hugo Boreiskim, the ſturdie Knighte, who picked up his crumbes " in the pig-market! The comelie ſauſage-women hard " by the Poultrie do bend the knee of curtiſie to his " Worthip, becauſe he dealeth hugelie in ſwine's flethe! " —Once on a time he was accounted a man of witte, " and then ſtlie choſen to repreſent his own hoggerie in " ſage convention. Moreover, he had an intrigue with " an underlinge of the *Muſes*, from whence ſprung *Chriſtmas Carrels*, and *Bellmen's Verſes*, to the marvellous annoyance of founde ſleepers!"

Page 66.—*Not* Genuine.

XCIV.—Counteſs of C^{a}H—TH^{a}M.

" Aye! there's a creature feminine, of whome
" The worlde may proudlie boaſt.—With ſtore of charmes
" And blandiſhments that ſo bedeck the ſexe,
" She, from the yieldinge of her gentle harte,
" Hathe walk'd fair honour's hand-maide,—earlie ſhunn'd
" The flauntinge ſcenes of *Courte* parade, to aete
" The humbler duties of domeſtique life.
" Simple attired, as innocent in minde,
" With all the ſweete benevolences graced,
" Her poliſh, 'came by habit ſo engrained,
" That Slander's biteing file could never touche it!"

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

XCV.—Mr. STR—RT, (late Member for MALDON.)

—— "No idle prater he, but a dealer in fewe wordes; "and thoſe he doth vouchſafe to utter, carrie with them "a convincing charme! There is ev'n ſuch magique in "his monoſyllables, that a ſingle *negation* of his i' th' "Senate hath ſtrucke your *Partie-mongers* dumbe!"

PAGE 46.—GENUINE.

XCVI.—Lady MARY D—NC—N.

—— " Becauſe it did her Ladie-ſhip delighte, to mounte
" her on ſome *barren ſtaffe*, like *birchen broome*, ſhe was a
" WEIRD SISTER, wrongfullie y'clep'd!—In veritie ſhe
" is the widowed remnant of the DUNCAN race, allied
" to rapes, and maſſacres of yore!—for this hathe ſhe un-
" ſexed herſelf to mortal tighte, that men might marvel
" on her gender, and ſhe avoide thoſe perils known to
" bothe!—She hathe a meltinge ſoule for melodie, which
" in charitie ſhe lendes to *knaves deſpoiled*, who chaunte
" their earlie loſſe in lamentable ſtraines!"

PAGE 39.—*Not* GENUINE.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

XCVII.—Lord W——M G—RD—N.

" Time was, I roved through Beautie's gay parterre,
" And cull'd the ſweeteſt bloſſomes of the ſpring:
" But now, alack! mine own poor leaſe grows feare
" And fadeth with the frailties of the fleſhe!
" Then what availe the youthful daies I've known,
" The ſillie hartes with perjured vowes I've limed,
" And all the pageantrie of lawleſſe love?"

PAGE 66.—*Not* GENUINE.

XCVIII.—Mrs. M—ye—n—l.

— " My kennel-bred Sparke, dothe fume and frette,
" like one of his own mad packe, at the parchinge
" drought which thus his *Chace* delaies.—Indeed I think
" it longe myſelf ere he can hie his mettled houndes once
" more to cover—till then, the harveſt is kept backe
" from which I yearlie reape my gaier prodigalities. For
" this, like DIAN, do I fit the jollie matron of an Hun-
" ter's boarde, while *minor Dukes* and *whelp-linge Lordes*
" with Bumpers charged, to me appeal, on *flyinge Leapes*
" which they ſo madlie take?—whoſe *learthern gaſkins*
" are of trimmeſt ſhape? or who does *taliboo* the ſighted
" Foxe in ſtraines of loudeſt diſſonance?"

PAGE 56.—*Not* GENUINE.

XCIX.—Admiral Lord Br—dp—t.

—— "That ſturdie ſon of *Neptune* doth mine humour "ſuite right well:—where'er his ſtreamers flie, they ſo "be-lorde it o'er the element of waters, that not a ſingle "*Gallique* barque will he permit to ride in ſuretie on it! "—Roughe as the blowinge tempeſt of the Northe is he "afloate—but when on ſhore, the milder influences pre-"vaile againe, and ſwaye his minde to calm urbanitie!"

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

C.—D——ſs of D—v—re.

" Saie, how can earth's groſs meteors long abide,
" When heaven's owne planets topple from their height?
" Yon lovelie orbe which nowe is on the wane,
" And but by ſhepherdes ſeene at twilight grey,
" Was once the morning ſtarre that did ariſe
" Moſt radiantlie be-gemmed?—A gazing worlde
" Confeſt its genial influence around!
" Wiſe men did journie from the Eaſte to view't,
" And bend in humble adoration of its power!
" But now 'tis falling from its circled heighte,
" To leave a darken'd void 'mid beautie's ſphere!"

Page 221.—Genuine.

END OF VOL. I.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

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